

# Cold Fame

Band of Skulls

What's the point of fame if it's been abused?  
What's a kid like me even got to lose?  
Here I am on your bed again  
It's too big for the room it's in.

Watch your face and laugh just a little bit,  
Everybody knows that you're good at it,  
But nothin' hurts like an answer phone  
Drinkin' some, wakin' up alone.

Maybe if I try just a little more,  
I can take myself from this dirty floor  
And walk through buildings of elegance  
Just like you are intelligent

But still I fall from grace with this microphone  
How'd you find yourself if you never roam?

But, Certainly, I'm indebted baby,  
Certainly, certainly, yeah.

I know my place  
But it don't know me

I know my place  
But it don't know me

No one wants to hear that you're breakin' up,  
It wasn't long ago we said 'start me up'  
Now all your dreamin' will have to wait  
While you discern, you'll anticipate

Play your 45 with this late at night  
Open all the windows, turn out the light  
Mysterious creatures will fill the room  
A midnight show just put on for you.

But still I fall from grace with this microphone  
How'd you find yourself if you never roam?

Certainly, I'm indebted baby,  
Certainly, certainly, yeah.

I know my place  
But it don't know me

I know my place  
But it don't know me

Cold fame in my brain, but  
It's okay cause I know it's the best for me  
[x10]